

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Dear Mr. Ford

LLOYD L. LEHN

Rhetoric 100, Theme 5

DEAR TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD:

I have seen you start your television show by coming on stage and shouting, "Hello, all you pea-pickers." Last summer I was employed in a pea-canning factory. The workers of this factory and I came to the conclusion that you don't know anything about the preparation of peas. Peas are packed and not picked, Mr. Ford. I would like to explain pea packing to you.

The factory at which I was employed is located near Mendota, Illinois. It is a division of the California Packing Corporation. Workers in the factory came from throughout the United States. Approximately 400 of us lived in barracks near the factory. The remainder of the employees were scattered on twenty-two farm stations in the surrounding area. Each farm crew consisted of approximately twenty men.

Work on the farms started as soon as the early-morning dew was off the ground. The pea vines were cut with a mower and then loaded on wagons and taken to the viner. Here the vines and peas were separated. The vines were stacked in a huge pile and later used as silage. The peas were loaded onto trucks and transported to the main factory.

Upon arrival at the factory, the peas, dirty from being out in the fields, entered a system of flowing water which washed them. The water entered this system as clear drinking water but left as a dirty black stream. The volume of water used in this operation was so great that the factory maintained its own purification plant. The peas leaving this bath were separated by their different weights; the light peas floated on the surface of the water and the heavy peas sank to the bottom. The light peas were sold as inferior peas. The peas continued on to where they were spread out on wide white rubber belts. Women sitting beside these belts removed the discolored peas and discarded them. The peas were then conveyed to the hoppers above the canning machines.

As the peas were put into the cans, they were mixed with a salt and sugar solution. The sealed cans were loaded into carts, each cart containing about 1000 cans. The carts were placed into retorts where the peas were cooked for an hour. As the carts were removed from the retorts, they were sent to the "scrambler," which took the cans out of the carts and sent them to the labeler. The labeler was the most delicate machine on the can line, and it caused the most trouble; however, when it was working properly, the labeler could label four to five cans per second. The cans then rolled to the boxer, which put twenty-four cans in each box as fast as the cans were labeled. The boxes were stacked on pallets and removed to the warehouse for shipment.

The above is the operation of only one can line in the factory. The entire

factory had five can lines, each capable of filling 33,000 cans per hour. Each line required a crew of at least sixty workers. This meant that there were 300 workers in the factory and 400 in the fields, a total of 700 workers. Of these 700 not one was picking peas. They were packing peas.

I have described only one canning factory. There are many others throughout the country. The process the others use is much the same as ours. This means that no one picks peas.

Therefore, Mr. Ford, it is my wish that on your future programs you do not say, "Hello, all you pea-pickers," but that you shout, as you come on stage, "Hello, all you pea-packers." If you do this you will set at rest the minds of all the people who work in the pea-canning factories each summer.

Sincerely yours,
PEA-PACKER LEHN

Nature's Beauty

DOUGLAS ROYER
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

AS I THINK ABOUT THE WORD *BEAUTY*, IT IS HARD TO understand what this word really means. What is beauty, and what does it imply?

Looking out over the wintry scene of an ice storm, I would find the glistening trees beautiful. To the persons who must repair the damage done by the ice, this scene would appear, more than likely, ugly and wicked. Therefore beauty is relative.

Beauty is everywhere waiting to be enjoyed by everyone: the first snow seen early in the morning before it is yet fully light, hanging in great piles on the trees, drifting high in places, and blanketing the ground with a white fluffy carpet; a rainbow arching through the heavens as though it were the brilliantly colored handle with which someone was holding up the earth.

The most beautiful sight I have ever seen was the Northern Lights. I first noticed some distance away in the black sky a patch of white which reminded me of falling rain. As I watched, light spread over the entire northern horizon and extended until it was directly overhead. Then the lights began to flash and dodge across the sky. The sight was so awe-inspiring that at first it gave me an empty feeling, as anything does which you don't understand. Then, before my eyes, as if this display were not already beautiful enough, the white lights became green, red, blue, and all the hues of the rainbow. It was only then that I realized I was watching the Aurora Borealis. I stayed up for over four hours watching this array of nature's fireworks until it subsided as slowly as it had come. I shall never forget this most beautiful of all sights.

Brave New World

RAE LESSER

Rhetoric 101, Book Report

MAN CALLS HIMSELF THE HIGHEST OF ANIMALS. AND because his superior intelligence has enabled him to accumulate a creative and cultural heritage, he calls himself a human being. Thus the "humanity" of man has elevated him above the beasts. This humanity that has driven him to strive for goals beyond mere personal well-being has sprung from a power unique to man. For he alone has been endowed with the mental capacity to think, reason, dream, and act as an individual. Through the ages, his basic power of individuality has led man to great struggles—with himself, his fellows, his environment, and his destiny. Human existence on earth has ever been hard, despite the comforts gained through the advancements of culture and applied science. But man has clung to his birthright of humanity.

Would he ever willingly forsake his heritage as a human being in return for the elimination of all struggle and hardships? To explain the existence of the Utopian society depicted in his book *Brave New World*, Aldous Huxley created a situation in which man was forced to answer that question.

The choice was made in A. F. 150 (150 years after the introduction of Henry Ford's first T-model). The Nine Years' War had ended but the world was left in a state of complete economic collapse and social chaos. When the leaders of the earth's surviving population met in an attempt to prevent total disaster, they were forced to decide between "World Control" and uneasy co-existence among national militarized totalitarianisms. The former system meant efficiency and stability in an age of advanced technology, under a Utopian welfare-tyranny. The latter alternative signified militarism, oppression, and social upheaval.

For what they undoubtedly considered human reasons, the leaders chose to create the world-wide Eden. As science became the end and human beings became the means, individualism and all records of the past were thoroughly suppressed. The World State that was formed adopted "Community, Identity, Stability" as its motto and technology, symbolized by an almost-legendary Ford, as its god. Thus man surrendered not only his inherent liberty as an individual but much of his soul as well.

Into his novel about the "brave new world" of universal well-being,

Huxley has injected many elements that make the book a significant work. The thought-provoking theme, the compelling style, and the realistically imagined, forceful presentation blend harmoniously and serve to emphasize Huxley's skill as an author. In addition, this meaty, satirical novel has been given new meaning and importance by the events and trends of the quarter-century that has elapsed since *Brave New World* was first published. Time is uncovering the most vital, yet most terrifying aspect of this book; time itself is giving Aldous Huxley's tale the semblance of a prophecy. For during the course of the last few years, many of the characteristics of the soul-less Utopian society he visualized have become evident in our own way of life. Each day, our increasing passion for scientific progress, a "consumer economy," "security," and a Miltown brand of "happiness" makes *Brave New World* less of a fantasy about a far-removed life in a distant future.

Indeed, Huxley has focused attention on the dangers to the spirit of man that are now latent in modern society. It is his belief that over-emphasis on science and technology directed at controlling the individual and his environment will make a slave of man. Once Progress has become his master he will be forced to adapt to the "fruits" of his technical achievements. In the preface added in 1946, 15 years after the book was written, Huxley explains: "The theme of *Brave New World* is not the advancement of science as such, it is the advancement of science as it affects human individuals."

As the products of applied science, the book's well-drawn characters appropriately illustrate the author's stated theme. Completely conditioned tools of their technical society, they are almost wholly unquestioning in their acceptance of its doctrines: *Brave New World's* characters are a forceful demonstration that the inhabitants of such a world must, of necessity, be mere human robots. The only natural man in the story is an outsider immediately branded as "the Savage." Although he had dreamed of the day when he would finally enter "Ford's kingdom," he ultimately came to prefer suicide to life in that artificial place. The Savage did not know what kind of world awaited him when, in naive anticipation, he quoted Shakespeare: "O brave new world, that has such people in it . . ."

Reading *Brave New World* for the entertaining and unusual contents is an experience in itself. However, it is difficult to finish the novel without having contemplated its implications. Such contemplation seems to be almost a part of the book, for there is much in this story of a Fordian society to prod the reader into new evaluation of the disturbingly similar world of today. Therefore, it is through the successful stimulation of thought that Aldous Huxley has best accomplished the purpose of his book.

What Happened to Christmas?

WARD MALISCH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

CHRISTMAS? YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO Christmas? Why, it just disappeared, that's all. Why? It could have been any number of reasons, I suppose. It went through a series of changes down through the years and then, no more Christmas.

How did it disappear? Well, it's a long story, but the biggest changes started back in 1960. It was then that people had the idea that a three-day week-end would be more advantageous than a holiday falling during the middle of the week. If all holidays fell on the week-end, there would more time for everything. Oh, this wasn't a new idea even then. Many people had suggested it, but nothing was done, not until 1960. Finally a law was passed making all national holidays, including Christmas, fall on week-ends. This was all well and good then because people didn't have to stop and think, "Will Christmas fall on a Monday or a Tuesday this year?" This problem was eliminated since it always fell on a Friday.

But people still weren't satisfied. Next, someone thought that Christmas and New Year's Day were too close together, and it was suggested that if they were spread, they would be much more convenient for all. Why not space the holidays evenly throughout the year? "A wonderful idea," everyone said; "Why didn't we think of that before?"

Now obviously, New Year's Day couldn't possibly be moved to a different time of the year; consequently Christmas was chosen as the one to be moved. After all, if the day on which it fell didn't matter, why then should the month make any difference?

The holidays were then spaced evenly, and everyone was satisfied once more. Of course, having Christmas in April had some disadvantages. Christmas trees weren't very pretty at that time, but this was easily remedied by forgetting about them completely. Also, the legend of Santa Claus had to be discontinued since there wasn't enough snow for his reindeer. But giving presents was the main purpose of Christmas anyway; so people decided it was unnecessary to clutter the day with useless tradition. It was then reduced to its essential purpose—the giving and receiving of gifts.

There was one last change to be made. Many people still thought of winter, Santa Claus, and the old traditions, when Christmas was mentioned. Also, the church had never been satisfied with this holiday changing and had continued to call December 25 *Christmas*, designating it as a church holy day along with Pentecost, Easter, and the other days recognized by the church. The answer

to the problem of the name was simple. The name was changed to Gifts Day and everyone was happy. Our holidays are now all arranged in such a manner that they fall on week-ends, are evenly spaced, and are not cluttered with all that useless trivia of tradition—quite an improvement.

Strong Will Conquers

NANCY COHERNOUR

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

TOMMY WAS A SMALL BOY FOR HIS EIGHT YEARS, BUT he had the irrepressible will that comes from struggling to overcome disease. I met this polio-stricken boy one summer day when his mother brought him to the public beach for swimming lessons. As a swimming instructor, I was giving private lessons to all age groups at the lake. Mrs. Fisher, Tommy's mother, inquired about lessons for her son and then stated, "I hope you can teach Tom to swim. I know he will work hard for you."

Well, Tom's work was to prove his mother's statement. Never in my life have I seen a child so bent on learning. His span of attention was unbelievable. I can well remember drilling and drilling him until I thought his whole form would take on the withered appearance of his tiny left leg. He never complained.

Along with other exceptions I made for him, I permitted him to call me by my first name. By and by, we became great friends, and it wasn't uncommon to see me, a lifeguard, and the small boy, hand in hand. We often took rowboat rides, sunned together on the dock, or just built castles out of sand.

I learned great things from Tommy Fisher. I was aware of human compassion every time we were together because he was an example to me of what life—in essence compounded of disease, doctors, care, prayers, time, love—can do for one so young. We talked often and quite seriously, and sometimes we discussed his affliction. For an eight-year-old, Tommy was certainly grasping for graces in life which some adults never achieve. His attitude of acceptance overwhelmed me. I hate to remember shouting, "One—two—kick—kick; one—two—kick—kick!" I shouted until my voice broke from strain, and then I'd say, "Hey, little man, let's take a rest." Tommy always answered, "O.K. I know it will be a long time before I learn how to swim, Nancy." I replied, "Not long, Tom." He accepted my confidence and worked through many hard hours for days and weeks. I sometimes thought those hours were just as hard for me, in a way, to see his twisted form laboring. But, early in August, I rejoiced to hear his squeal when he took his first strokes.

Yes, Tom learned to swim. My heart held such joy for him when he lifted his head and said, "Someday I'll be a good swimmer." I knelt to answer him, "You won't be the best, my dear, but you'll be good." I thought I understood. But somehow, my feeling seemed shallow as I looked over on the beach to where Mrs. Fisher was sitting.

America's Staunchest Ally

DAVID ABRAHAMSON

Rhetoric 101, Final Theme

MONEY IS THE STAUNCHEST ALLY THAT AMERICA possesses. If proof of this fact is needed, one has only to look at the proposed governmental budget for the fiscal year of 1958. Approximately four billion dollars are to be used in various forms of foreign aid. Although supposedly intended for economic and military improvement, the purpose of this money is to help keep some of our "staunch" allies on our side of the iron curtain. From foreign countries there is a continual demand for American aid, with the threat of turning to Russia if the United States refuses to supply more money. It is the generosity of the government in Washington, not the high ideals of freedom, that keeps the "free world" united. This generosity is not always called for.

Many of our allies show little appreciation and still less need of American aid. The British, who are quick to comment on reduced aid, reduced their own income taxes while receiving American tax dollars. In France, where the Communists are one of the major political parties, American tax money is quickly squandered while millions of Frenchmen dodge the tax collector every year. These examples would tend to make one wonder why we continue giving money to our allies.

The examples of how the money is actually spent would make one wonder why we ever took the trouble to start the aid program. In Great Britain over 180 million dollars' worth of machinery from the United States was stored in British government warehouses, with the United States agreeing to pay the British government warehouse charges. Enough linseed oil was purchased in Germany to last the United States Army for eighty-four years, because a time limit had been placed on an amount of money to be spent in foreign countries and no other way could be thought of for spending it. Gross neglect in the supervision of profits has led to the loss of thousands of dollars in the form of excess profits made by foreign companies. It is undoubtedly time to review our position on foreign aid.

If a large-scale foreign aid program is to be undertaken, its supervision needs to be greatly improved over that of previous programs. Better supervision will lead to an improved return on our foreign aid expenditures. The government should especially check to see if aid is needed before it is granted. In some previous cases, military weapons were sent to countries that were unable to supply enough men to use the weapons. Beyond these steps, a new look at our relations with our allies should be taken.

The idea which some of our leaders seem to hold, that we must supply large

amounts of money in order to maintain our alliances, is false. Our allies are more vitally interested in their own welfare than we give them credit for. We should not and we do not have to give them aid in order to have their support. Foreign aid should be greatly reduced, and there should be no more of the attitude of "how much money for your friendship," that now seems to prevail in Washington. If our government continues its present policy of something for everyone but the American taxpayer, there may come a day when there will not be enough of our "staunchest ally" for our own protection.

Breathless

LEO KRUEGEL

Rhetoric 100, Theme 8

ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO, I MET AND WORKED WITH A very quick-tempered man who was well-built, muscular, and handsome but also conceited. As we know, handsomeness and conceit seldom afford a good friendship. This man, whom I shall call Bob, was a moody man like myself, and I felt it was inevitable that our moods would sometime clash. Finally it happened.

One day, while working together, we angrily found fault with each other's slightest mistakes. In my anger I said words that I normally wouldn't even have thought. At this point the waters of his brain came to a full boil. He swung his fist toward me. Fortunately, my timing was right, and I ducked the blow. This made him become disgusted with himself; he felt that he must hit me to keep his pride. Like lightning he picked me up and dropped me to the floor. My head hit the concrete floor with a loud thud. My ears were screaming with the impact. I closed my eyes with a superstitious hope that that which I could not see could not harm me. Suddenly I felt his knee pound into my chest. My head ached with the fall, and my heart pounded in my ears. The weight he put upon his knee seemed inhuman, and I could not get my breath. I was helpless, and I was frantic with fear and shock. I opened my eyes and the ceiling seemed to spin above me, then slowly the spinning images faded away. Gradually, there came complete darkness. I felt no pain. A horrid thought flashed through my mind. Could I be dead? No, I could hear my heart feebly but distinctly pounding in my ear. I was confused by the darkness, the numbness of my body, and the nearly complete silence. I rested.

I slowly awakened to realize that my head was bandaged, and my chest was tightly bound. I was lying on a cot. I tried to move to a more comfortable position, but I found myself too weak. I looked at a clock and found that nearly three hours had passed since the fight. Bob, standing nearby, took a sigh of relief and solemnly apologized.

It felt good to breathe.

Humanity versus the Slide Rule

RAE LESSER

Rhetoric 101, Final Theme

THE BOY WALKS ALONE; THE WIND, SWEEPING ACROSS the Broadwalk, tousles his hair. At first glance there is nothing in his typically-collegiate appearance to distinguish him from the thousands of his peers who have come to the University of Illinois in search of knowledge and understanding. But something heavy, encased in dark leather, swings from his hip. He is identified as a member of a breed apart.

The engineering student adjusts the slide-rule clipped to his belt, and quickens his pace. He has no classes in any of the imposing buildings that line the Broadwalk; his day is spent in the various specialized training centers located north of Green Street. He is a representative of a fast-growing segment of American youth destined to emerge from college without an education. After amassing approximately 120 credit hours, the youth will be given a degree and thereafter will be classified as a graduate of an institution of higher learning.

But can technical training be considered learning? Does passing 120 college credit hours constitute an education? According to the current catalogue of the University of Illinois, published in pre-Sputnik days, only 20 of those 120 hours required for graduation in the College of Engineers are devoted to "liberal electives." Within those 20 hours, the student must take the equivalent of 6 hours of freshman rhetoric, leaving approximately 11.67% of his college career to the pursuit of the cultural values that might tend to enrich his knowledge and broaden his horizons as a human being and an individual. Is it any wonder that many of the graduates of the science courses complain that the general effect of such specialized training is a sensation of having one's mind narrowed and restricted to a sphere not greatly exceeding the dimensions of the ever-present slide rule?

Recently a lustrous metallic sphere hurtling through space in an orbit far above Earth has created an intense feeling among the population of the United States of America that we are lagging behind in the mass production of scientific personnel. The apparent result of this fear of falling behind in a race against science and total annihilation is a "step-up" in the process that now turns out "89.33% pure" technical talent. If further concentration on technical studies, coupled with a vastly increased number of engineering students, will result from the current emphasis on science (as the only hope and future of our troubled globe), the dilemma facing the nation is real indeed. At the moment, the situation is such that we are "short-changing" merely a small

number of students on their chance to become well-rounded individuals. However, if the boy with the slide rule becomes the rule on this campus, and on the campuses of the country's colleges, we will be faced with a new danger. The civilization dominated by the well-trained robots of the scientific monster of Progress, of our own creation, will differ from our own in one all-important way: *We* are human beings and individuals.

Sputnik: For War or Peace?

DAVID CHAMBERS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

LIKE A GREAT TIDAL WAVE EMANATING FROM THE satellite itself, political and diplomatic repercussions of Russia's Sputnik have rolled over the world since the launching was accomplished last October 4. To launch a satellite into space successfully on the first attempt is a great scientific achievement. As a result Russia has gained much international prestige at the expense of the United States, and the world has had to re-evaluate (rather grudgingly) its opinion of Russia's technological know-how. Among the many questions concerning Sputnik, probably the most important one is this: What effect will the Soviet satellite have on world peace; or more specifically, since the United States is the leader of the free nations working for peace, what effect will Sputnik have on United States security?

Russia announced earlier it had a workable intercontinental ballistic missile, the ultimate in war weapons; the successful launching of the earth satellite gave strong support to this claim. However, for such a missile to be workable, it must first leave the earth's atmosphere (which Russia's missile is capable of doing), re-enter, it and effectively hit the target. Russia publicly announced the next major step in its satellite program would be to devise a method for bringing a satellite back to earth without its being destroyed. If the Russians cannot accomplish this feat with a satellite now, how can they possibly have a missile which must do essentially that same thing: leave the atmosphere and re-enter it unharmed? The answer: Russia does not have a workable intercontinental ballistic missile.

For the purposes of war a satellite has a great reconnaissance potential. Photographs could be taken from which accurate maps could be made; and very conceivably a television transmitter could be installed in a satellite, enabling military strategists to scan every part of the world once a day. Finally, bombardment from the missile itself would have a

most devastating effect. But many complex technical problems must be solved before a satellite can attain such a high degree of efficiency. Sputnik, instrumentation-wise, probably does not have a fraction of the necessary efficiency because the bulk of its weight is composed of storage batteries, a crude source of electrical energy. Hence, the value of Sputnik as a device or weapon of war is nil.

The Kremlin's victory in launching their satellite has been chiefly psychological and dangerous mostly as a weapon of propaganda. That they are exploiting this weapon to its utmost has been illustrated in recent international events. The objective of this propaganda weapon is threefold: Russia wants to (1) impress the neutral peoples of Africa, the Middle East, and Asia; (2) frighten Western Europe into neutrality; and (3) jolt the United States into two-power peace talks on Soviet terms, thus breaking the Western Alliance. In the face of this renewed Russian cold-war campaign the Western allies have not panicked; they have been calm and deliberate in their reasoning. In the recent Middle Eastern crisis where Khrushchev acted most belligerently, Mr. Dulles bluntly told the Communist chief that any attack by Russia on Turkey would most assuredly result in war with the United States. Knowing this fact, Khrushchev made no move of aggression. In answer to the Russian "Big Two" conference proposal on satellites, space, and peace, the United States stated that any such conferences would have to be unilateral, not bilateral. The free nations have resolved to tighten Western unity by removing bans on sharing of scientific secrets and by pooling all resources. Russia has met, and is meeting, staunch resistance against its effort to shift the balance of world political and diplomatic power in its favor.

Russia will not make war with the free world for several basic reasons. The Kremlin is troubled internally by a continual power struggle—as long as this struggle exists, Russia is not ready for war. If and when the Communist forces are ready, still they will probably not attack, because they realize the futility of war—why fight a war no one can win? Man is not bent on self-destruction.

When the United States regains its former prestige as the world leader by stepping up its scientific research and education (the President formally initiated such a program the last day in October), Russia and the United States will eventually come to a peaceful co-existence.

Man is destined to explore space, at least within the solar system. Russian scientists have already concluded that the economic burden of the comparatively short space flight to the moon would be more than one nation alone could bear. Thus, the inevitable outcome will be that all the nations of the world will peacefully unite in one common effort to realize their destiny in space.

The Hiding People

MAX FLANDORFER

Rhetoric 102, Final Theme

AFTER YOU LEAVE CRESCENT STREET AND BEFORE YOU go very far on Fulton, you come to a section of Brooklyn known as Brownsville. The streets, during the day, are usually very crowded, but at night a strange quiet settles over them. The pushcarts are gone, the hawkers retired to no one knows where. The automobiles which choked the street during the day, now line the curbs, resting quietly like sleeping beasts.

The houses are all connected one to the other, and their long dim grimness seems to form a wall against intruders. The soot and dirt of the city have turned the brownstone facade into a grimy, blackened grimace. Streaked here and there by the rain, spotted by the birds, and crumbling with neglect, the buildings seem, somehow, forbidding—yet pathetic. The staring windows, the gaping doorways seem to carry the stamp of idiocy, of senility; and like things that were once proud and have fallen in disgrace, the buildings convey an inevitable feeling of isolation.

The people in the buildings, the ones that make these lonely things their home, seem to be the same as the buildings themselves. Each person seems to be, somehow, something less than he must have been once. Each person, somehow, seems to be streaked by the soot and lined by the weather. And each person, too, seems to be afraid of showing what is inside himself.

The silence of the now deserted streets is punctuated by the sound of footsteps—hurrying, hurrying. You can feel the urgency, the need to be off the streets, the need to be locked in the tomb, away from the world and other men. If the glances of two of these silent hurriers ever meet, there is a quick turning away, a feeling almost of panic. The words are never spoken, but they are heard as clearly as if they were shouted in a frenzy of fear—"Leave me alone! Don't look at me!" And the footsteps quicken, to regain their solitude the faster.

As each building is passed, a sound can be heard, very faintly—more of an undertone than a definite sound, but it's there. It carries through the sound of radios playing too high, and people laughing too hard, and voices talking too loud. It carries through all the falseness the people wear outside. It comes and is inside you before you know you have heard it, and it clutches at your soul. It is the sound of weeping. It is the great, pain-choked sobs of weariness—the tears of loneliness . . .

Down the street the cold wind blows, and the houses seem to shiver and cringe, and the wind seems lonely too.

The Tower

JAMES HOCKENHULL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

UP THROUGH THE GREY AUTUMN MIST A GREAT SQUARE shaft of weathered stone looms black against the dreary sky. Tall and straight it stands, though it bears the burden of many decades, while, on the wet sidewalks below, thousands of students hurry by, hunched and stooped by a mere fraction of the tower's age. Thousands of young people rush on, scarcely noticing the proud monument of the past, scarcely heeding its plaintive message. But its message is there. It can be heard through the swirling mist, through the driving rain. It can be heard over the clamor of the crowd at midday and it can be heard calling through the silence of night. For the message is time. Time is the cry through the fog. Time! Time is flying! Time! Another hour of life has passed! Time! A child is born! Time! An elder dies! Time is the most urgent message in the world.

But to the grey crowd below, the carillon voice means another class is over, only fifteen more minutes to study, a half-hour till dinner. So on they rush, living from minute to minute. Few ever look up to the four conical turrets and the great tiled pyramid that crowd the shaft. Few peer into the gaping ports of the tower to catch a glimpse of the ropes and pulleys that actuate the bells. But the tower stands, a proud prophet of the god of time, in spite of the ennui of its listeners. And, though hundreds of future generations come and go, the great stone shaft will still loom up through the mists of the years, black against the sky.

They Needed Affection

VIRGINIA VIDA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

DURING THE TIME I SERVED AS A GIRL SCOUT CAMP counselor last summer, I became acquainted with the twenty-seven fifth and sixth graders who attended camp, but I became especially intrigued in observing how a certain few displayed their need for affection as a means of finding security.

On the far extreme of insecurity was Janie, a thin, unattractive girl whose pleading smile could not help but cause one to pity her. She was very slow-thinking, was inclined to forget most of what was said to her, and would ask the same questions repeatedly. The head counselor defined the girl as "dull."

Janie's conversational ability was confined to her knowledge of a few facts, which she related to me time and again, interrupting herself now and then with, "Now, what did you say your name was?" However, the action which depicted clearly her need for affection was her habit of "hanging" on me day in and out, clutching my hand or my dress as if this were the only nearness she had ever known. Janie followed me everywhere I went, plaguing me with questions, dry facts, and requests that I fix her tent, or that I play her a tune on my "ukelady." She was shunned and nearly ostracized by the other campers, but she never gave up trying, in her pathetic, yet obnoxious manner, to win their approval.

Anne, a pretty blond who had come from the "wrong side of the tracks," was a perfect example of the insecure attention getter. She had a grand total of two friends, and the three of them, except for their contact with me, completely isolated themselves from the rest of the group. Anne was their leader; the other two followed her like sheep (loud sheep), and they idolized and tried to imitate her every move. I soon became deeply interested in this defiant girl, and she in me. Her grammar was incorrect, and her speech was rough and sometimes insulting. The clothes she wore were tight-fitting and loud, the heels on her loafers were worn to a thin sheet, and the backs of the shoes were flattened to the heels, so that she shuffled along in order to keep them on when she walked. She presented a rough appearance. I was struck by the thought that Anne, at the age of ten, probably knew as much about the unmentionables of life as I did. Anne needed affection badly, but found a sort of security in rejecting it. The head counselor said that Anne was "intolerable, uncontrollable, and worst of all, whiney." Yet, her defiance toward me changed completely, and she, too, began following me around, bringing her friends with us. I was beginning to feel like the Pied Piper.

On the second night out, I was informed that one of the scouts had become homesick and was going to leave, so I immediately rushed over to her tent in hopes of changing her mind. There, sitting on her cot, was life's picture of innocence—Kathy. Her platinum-blond hair was curly and of medium length, she was small in stature, and her baby-blue eyes were radiant when she smiled; she was a little doll, a magnified infant who made me wonder momentarily why some children have to grow up. I somehow succeeded in convincing Kathy that she should remain. It was her first time away from home, away from the affection she was used to, and which could not be replaced by her tentmates. After that evening, she, too, attached herself to me. Needless to say, she was a joy to have around.

Janie and Anne looked to me for the affection that was missing in their daily lives, whereas Kathy only needed it temporarily. Janie was trying to get it, but was using a wrong approach; Anne had rejected it, but showed her need for it in that she tried to draw attention to herself; and Kathy was normally accustomed to the affection which the others lacked.

Bloomington, Indiana

STEPHEN WEISER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

I LIVED IN BLOOMINGTON FOR TEN YEARS, FROM THE time I began my second year in elementary school until I left home for college. The town has filled my mind with countless memories, both good and bad. In it I have spent what have been the most formative years of my life.

Bloomington is a community of contrasts. It has a small-town flavor, in that gossip travels fast, but it has a big-town feeling, too. Upwards of 30,000 inhabit the town, and the population swells each school year with more thousands of Indiana University students. On the square, where the County Courthouse is located, a citizen can encounter many of his friends every day. But the intellectual and social influences of the University give the town a big-city, cosmopolitan atmosphere.

Bloomington has always had many characteristics of the farming community. On Saturday mornings, the farm families come into town to do their shopping, and the old-timers stand in the sun outside of Woolworth's and Penney's on the square and chew their tobacco. The banks too are filled with farmers and working men with rough clothes and rougher hands. Dusty old cars fill up all extra parking spaces. Stout women in flowered print dresses and with several children alongside are seen in the dime stores buying coloring books, peanuts, and tin toys for the youngsters. The sporting goods stores are frequented on Saturday mornings by boys with change in their pockets looking for baseballs and BB's. The farm folk crowd into the Postoffice, the feed stores, the hardware stores, and the A. & P.

Yet all one has to do to step out of the typical southern Indiana farming community and into another world of educated and intellectual people is to travel about six blocks east of the Square to the campus of Indiana University. Here is a world of pizza, famous dance bands, opera, symphony concerts, modern jazz, sports cars, academic degrees, philosophic bull sessions, and many, many other contrasts. Here, in the form of a big rectangle measuring about one mile by one-half mile cut out of the eastern half of the town, is the institution that links Bloomington with the outside world. The campus is Bloomington's land of shade, limestone buildings, bookstores, fraternities, young people with futures, Big Ten football, dormitories, and education.

In Bloomington, I received innumerable impressions that have influenced me. I could stand on the square and watch the drugstore cowboys in their customized used cars roar around and around on weekend nights. There was the world of Elvis Presley, Fats Domino, and no more than a high school education. Here were the youth of the typical southern Indiana farming town.

Their future is a world of labor, fat wives, and large families. Their Bloomington is the rootbeer stands, the drive-in movies, the overcrowded high school, the soda fountains, the Hollywood magazines, the jukeboxes, the dual exhausts and fender skirts. I knew their Bloomington and learned from it, yet I don't call it my own.

In Bloomington's other half, I came in contact with such things as the Sadler's Wells Ballet, the music of Artur Rubenstein, Dave Brubeck, Woody Herman, the Vienna Symphony and the Metropolitan Opera, the college dances, the people of learning, the atmosphere of the world. Here I could draw upon the world's great culture and entertainment; I came to know what the world really offered. I tasted Bloomington's collegiate half, too, and I learned from it.

I realized during my last visit to Bloomington that I love the town for what it is: a unique, wonderful combination of two very real worlds.

The Emancipation Proclamation

MYRNA LEVINE

Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper

ALTHOUGH THE PEOPLE RECEIVED AND INTERPRETED the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, according to their own particular interests in the slavery problem and Civil War of the United States, President Abraham Lincoln's reason for issuing the Proclamation was to accomplish faster his primary purpose in the war—to save the Union.

Although President Lincoln spent the entire afternoon of January 1, 1863, greeting and visiting with the many New Year's Day callers that stormed the White House, he had a decidedly more significant matter to attend to during the early evening. By the time Secretary of State William Seward brought him the official copy of the Emancipation Proclamation to sign, he was rather tired from the ordeal of the day.¹ The few people who were gathered in his office at the time of the signing heard him say: "I never in my life felt more certain that I was doing right. But I have been receiving calls and shaking hands since eleven o'clock this morning until my arm is still numb. Now the signature will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say 'he had some compunctions.' But, anyway, it is going to be done."²

What Lincoln did was to emancipate the slaves in the areas still in rebellion against the United States, namely, Arkansas, Texas, most of Louisiana, Miss-

issippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and most of Virginia, asking the slaves always to conduct themselves respectably and telling them that the qualified members among them would be accepted into certain branches of the armed service.³

Since these areas were in rebellion against the law of the United States, the actual freeing of the slaves could not be effected. The pro-Union slave states, areas in which the freeing of the slaves could be effected, were not within the compass of the Proclamation.⁴

This lack of authority of the Proclamation was the cause of much criticism. People scoffed openly at the man who had issued such an unworkable document. Abolitionists could not understand why Lincoln had differentiated between slaves of Union states and slaves of Confederate states.⁵ Pro-slavery Northern Democrats were angry that the President had changed a struggle to save the Union into an anti-slavery campaign, since Lincoln had gained their support by emphasizing his purpose of preserving the Union.⁶ Other Unionists, although agreeing that the measure at least tended to weaken slavery in the United States, were skeptical that it would help end the rebellion.⁷ Even the Negroes themselves were not completely in favor of the Proclamation. Those of the deep South, who hated and feared Lincoln and the North as fervently as their masters hated them,⁸ simply continued laboring as before, content to know that freedom was technically theirs if they wanted it.⁹ Only those slaves who were far enough North to taste a limited freedom were enthusiastic over the Proclamation. Masses of jubilant Negroes flooded the streets, shouting, singing, and practically worshipping the man who had liberated them.¹⁰

The Emancipation Proclamation was received favorably in Europe, especially in Great Britain, France, and Spain, where it was popularly believed to be a great act of humanity.¹¹ Although history does place strong emphasis on the humaneness of the act, careful study indicates that Lincoln did not approve of immediate and unconditional liberation, considering it unfair to slave-holders as well as to slaves.¹² He told the Negroes: "When you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being on an equality with the white race."¹³ Thus, he apparently understood the social problem much better than did the radical abolitionists, who demanded the slaves' unconditional liberation.

Lincoln believed that this social problem between the Negroes and the whites could be best solved through a very gradual emancipation. He also felt that the South should be compensated financially for the destruction of an institution encouraged as much by the needs of the North and the rest of the world as by those of the South.¹⁴

Several times, the President appealed to Congress to adopt plans for buying the slaves in order to liberate them. When, on April 10, 1862, Congress did adopt such a plan, none of the slave states would agree to the terms, and, as a result, slaves were liberated by purchase only in Washington, D.C.¹⁵

Thus, Lincoln's attitude toward emancipation would suggest that he had an even more fundamental reason for issuing the Emancipation Proclamation. British Foreign Minister Lord John Russell said, concerning the matter: "If it were a measure of emancipation, it would be extended to all the states in the Union. . . [it] is not granted to the claims of humanity but inflicted as a punishment."¹⁶ Russell's interpretation was substantiated by Lincoln himself, who, on several occasions, explained that the Emancipation Proclamation was merely one factor in his constant attempt to preserve the Union; specifically, it was a war device to punish and weaken the still rebelling states.¹⁷ As Lincoln wrote to critic Horace Greeley on August 22, 1862: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."¹⁸ History tells us he chose the third course.¹⁹

¹ Margaret Leech, *Reveille in Washington 1860-1865*, p. 249.

² As quoted by John Bach McMaster, *A History of the People of the United States During Lincoln's Administration*, p. 268.

³ "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Encyclopedia Americana* (1953), 10:272.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ McMaster, p. 269.

⁶ Benjamin P. Thomas, *Abraham Lincoln*, p. 359.

⁷ McMaster, p. 269.

⁸ Thomas, p. 360.

⁹ Clifford Dowdey, *Experiment in Rebellion*, p. 219.

¹⁰ Thomas, p. 360.

¹¹ "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Columbia Encyclopedia* (1950), p. 612.

¹² Dowdey, p. 215.

¹³ As quoted in Dowdey, p. 215.

¹⁴ J. G. Randall, *Lincoln—The Liberal Statesman*, p. 29.

¹⁵ "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Encyclopedia Americana*, 10:272.

¹⁶ As quoted by Dowdey, p. 215.

¹⁷ Randall, p. 492.

¹⁸ As quoted in "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, p. 272.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*

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Escape

ANDREW SEDLOCK

Rhetoric 100, Theme 5

LAST SUMMER I WAS ABLE TO PARTICIPATE IN MY FAVORITE sport only a few times. On one of those rare evenings in the month of July, I managed to slip away from the house and make my way to the nearest lake. Parking my car as near the lake as possible, I walked to a spot near the water's edge. There under the maple trees I took time to assemble my fishing tackle, stopping now and then to view the lake area whenever sounds of activity came to my ears.

A fish was feeding near some brush twenty feet from shore. He broke the surface of the water with a sloshing sound several times in the space of a few minutes. Each time he disturbed the water I would look for him to see how far he had moved. I managed to tie to my line a small bass lure of the floating type. This I was sure would make Mr. Fish my fish.

I moved cautiously the last few feet to the water's edge. Carefully I stripped line from my reel. Making one false cast, I dropped the lure on the few sticks of brush, allowing it to slide off and fall lightly upon the water.

I was afraid to move. A full minute went by; nothing happened. I gave the line a sharp, short twitch. Again I allowed the lure to rest. A small disturbance near my vanishing lure brought an immediate reaction from me. Pulling upward on the rod, I set the hook. My line went taut, but no action. I had become hooked to a log, or so I thought.

At this moment the lake exploded. A beautiful fountain of spray shot upward into the setting sun. In the middle was my log, twisting and squirming. Falling back into the white water, he disappeared from my sight, but I knew I still had him, for his telegraph message came back to me through my fishing tackle.

It was clear that he wanted to leave for some other part of the lake. Not wanting to disappoint him or myself, I let him believe that he could go by giving him some line. He wasn't satisfied. Up he came to view the situation. Again he made a headlong dash, but this time toward me. I took in line as fast as possible. An eternity passed before I felt any indication that my fish was still on my line. Then I saw him, almost at my feet.

He turned and looked me straight in the eye. We looked at each other for a second or two; then my fish made one powerful swing with his tail, sending himself and half the lake into the air, shaking and twisting himself violently. He then vanished beneath the foaming water. I knew what had happened even before I saw my line flying back to me. My fish had made his escape.

The "Troublesome" Veto

CARL F. ABEGG

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

SHOULD THE VETO POWER OF THE PERMANENT MEMBERS in the Security Council be eliminated? If so, what type of voting should the Security Council and the rest of the United Nations adopt? A similar question was recently asked of hundreds of adult Americans, and an overwhelming majority favored eliminating the veto because, as they said, the Russians have abused the veto and have greatly hampered the efficiency of the U.N. as a world government. Most of the people questioned favored giving each country in the U.N. one vote; thus, they believed, the United Nations would have a more democratic form of government.

An intelligent analysis of these wide-spread beliefs concerning the veto and its relation to the United States and the United Nations proves how completely absurd this public opinion is.

First of all, the U.N. is not, and was never intended to be, a world government. The representatives of the allied countries which met at Yalta, Dumbarton Oaks, and San Francisco, realized that the world was not ready for a single, central government. Their primary purpose was not to found a world government, but to organize a league of independent, sovereign states in such a way as to prevent war. They also knew that if war was to be prevented, the great powers in the world would have to be united. Thus, they formulated the unanimity of the Big Five.

While it is true that the Big Five have not remained united—as it was first thought that they would—and that the Russians have used their veto power for selfish political reasons, these are not sufficient reasons to do away with the veto. It is a little-known fact that the United States also favored having the veto clause inserted into the U. N. Charter. Our representatives to the conferences knew that the Senate would never ratify a treaty (the Charter of the U.N. is considered by the United States to be a treaty) which would destroy our national sovereignty. How many of the strong advocates of a world superstate would favor such a government, a government to which all of the American people would owe their allegiance, if they realized that their sons and daughters who are in the armed forces could be sent anywhere in the world without the consent of the people of the United States?

Many of the more intelligent individuals who were questioned did not favor completely eliminating the veto. Instead, they believed that the veto should be modified so that it could be used only in matters concerning the use of military forces. They believed that on all other matters each country should have only one vote, and that a majority of these votes should decide any issue. How intelligent their reasoning is! How democratic this would be! Under

is system it would be possible for forty of the smaller member nations of the U.N., having ten per cent of the world's population, to determine the policy for the other ninety per cent of the world's people.

No, the veto cannot be abolished or modified without destroying our national safety and sovereignty. As exasperating as the U.N. is under the present voting system, this system is still a necessary part of the Charter. Until the present tension in the world is relieved, we must insist upon the U.N. Charter containing the "troublesome" veto.

Travelogue

BENNETT E. GATES

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE DAY WAS HOT, AND THE CITY OF RIO SUFFERED. The heat rose in shimmering waves from the gleaming buildings and broad expanses of pavement, making all but the coolest "casas" and air-conditioned "restaurantes" places of sweltering misery. High above it all, a cable car creaked and groaned and swayed its way along toward the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain. But the temperature inside the car was hardly more bearable than that below. Men squirmed uncomfortably in the hard wooden seats, most of them burdened down with guide books, travel folders, their wives' handbags, and miscellaneous curios acquired along the way. The women, though doing their best to maintain their composure, were now and then driven to reach back and lift the hot, damp hair that clung to the backs of their necks. Occasionally one considerate wife would relieve her husband's head by the amount of one rather stiff travel folder, to fan herself vigorously—a ridiculous effort, since the exertion made her that much hotter and more uncomfortable. Most of the husbands either sat quietly, sulking behind the wall of wifely debris that surrounded them, or else peered sullenly between two packages at the scenery below. Their wives, however, sat as far forward on the edges of their seats as discretion would allow, and listened eagerly to the tour guide who now stood at the front of the car.

He was a short, dark Brazilian, and fat to the point of being perfectly round. He was nearly bald, and when he wasn't droning his memorized speech on the history of Brazilian culture and pointing out various scenic spots, he pulled a sodden handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed furiously at the perspiration that covered his head. Without a doubt he was the most miserable and uncomfortable person on board, and when the car suddenly jerked to a stop and sat him down quite without dignity in the middle of the floor, he looked almost relieved. There was a moment or two of confusion while a few unseated passengers re-seated themselves and the wives hurriedly gathered up their scattered bundles and re-buried their husbands. When order was

finally restored, it was learned that somehow the cable that pulled the car along and the cable that held the car up had become fouled and would have to be separated before the trip could be resumed.

After the car had been bobbing and swaying over the city of Rio de Janeiro for approximately twenty minutes and getting absolutely nowhere, the little red work-car used for hauling tools and parts from station to station came rolling up another cable and stopped alongside. Standing in the car, which was only a small platform enclosed by a low railing, were three wide-eyed Brazilians, clinging for dear life to anything that seemed to offer support. With them they had brought a ladder, and it soon became apparent that they intended to use it to bridge the gap between the two cars and send one of the men across.

After crossing himself several times and having received a little push from his companions, the third workman mounted the ladder and crawled over his hands and knees over to the roof of the stranded car. His safe arrival was met with cries of "Olé" and various other congratulations from all the passengers, but the cables still remained to be separated. After one end of the ladder had been secured to the work car, the worker forced the other end between the two cables. This way, when the smaller car began to move forward on its cables, which ran parallel to those of the stranded car, the ladder was run along between the two fouled cables, forcing them apart and eventually separating them. All went well until the cables freed themselves, and then on a very frightened Brazilian atop the cable car saw his means of escape flip from the hands of his fellow workers and hurled high into the air, where it finally stopped rising and began tumbling end over end toward the city below. Terrified to begin with, and now stranded on the swaying car that must have seemed to him miles above the ground, the poor fellow went to pieces. Calling on all emotions his Latin ancestry provided, he moaned, he wept, and he wailed. His companions shrugged their shoulders and held up their hands to show that they were truly powerless to help. He could do nothing but hang on and ride the car in. Finally resigning himself to his fate, the poor devil flattened himself against the roof of the car and gripped the edge until his trembling knuckles turned white. Then the little mid-air trolley began again to climb the long cable toward the mountain top ahead. Every dip or sway of the car brought forth from its unwilling passenger alternate bits of mumbled prayer or loud exclamations of profanity, the latter upsetting the feminine passengers no end. Their husbands just chuckled behind the packages.

When the car finally reached the station, the worker who moments before had been a complete nervous wreck regained a marvelous amount of his composure, and having jumped lightly to the ground, he strode haughtily away, head held high, and acting full well the part of hero for the day. The women delighted to have reached their destination at last, hurried from the car to take in the view. But the husbands, still sitting in the car, peered around their burdens and gave each other that understanding wink of creatures sharing similar fate. For them, the most enjoyable part of the trip had just ended.

Nothing Phoney with Salinger

YVONNE EDWARDS

Rhetoric 101, Book Report

I JUST FINISHED READING THIS BOOK. THIS GUY THAT wrote the book, J. D. Salinger, calls it *The Catcher in the Rye*. It is all about this sixteen-year-old kid, Holden Caulfield. Holden ditches his prep school he was flunking out of and goofs around New York for a few days before he goes home. Boy, he has some terrific experiences in those few hours. He really does. He goes to these bars and all and tries to drink like a man, just because he is over six feet tall and wants to be grown-up. And that isn't all, either. He is in this crummy hotel that is full of perverts and queers, and just because he tries to be so man-about-the-townish, he gets tangled up with some old prostitute. Since he is a virgin and all, he is afraid to make love to her. That killed me.

He feels all alone and cut off from society, but he's still got his ten-year-old sister, Phoebe, to love. She is lovable and understanding, and if you really want to know the truth, she is the only person he honestly loves. He did love his mother, Allie, but Allie has been dead for several years. He also likes his English teacher from the first prep school he went to—that is, until the teacher turned out to be a queer. Holden is full of hatred too. I mean he hates things like movies, phonies, night clubs, pimples, sex, and old men who pick at their noses. He finds the world full of crappy people who say one thing and mean another, and it makes him angry. He is unsure of himself because of this cold and complex world. But he finds some good in the world along with the bad, and he enjoys it. He really does. While he is shooting the bull with a mother one of his classmates, and while he is talking with some nuns, he really enjoys himself. He gets a large charge out of day dreaming, too.

Once in a while, Salinger sticks some pretty corny scenes in his story. For example, Holden just happens to be walking down the street one day when he hears a little boy singing, "When a body catch a body coming through the rye." Later on, when old Phoebe asks him what he wants to be, he can only think he wants to be "the catcher in the rye." That doesn't make too much sense—being a catcher in the rye for a profession. Maybe Salinger is trying to criticize the grown-up world, but if he is, he should think of a better way to do it. What I mean is that he should use a more logical example.

Holden swears too much. Everything is "goddam." Even though Salinger used teen-age lingo on purpose, all the swearing gets sort of monotonous. Holden uses what the grown-ups consider bad English. The adults would say that his sentences aren't complete—don't carry complete thoughts. But I bet that when they were young, they used some of those same double negatives and wrong words and all just like Holden does. Once, Holden says, "Nobody kept

answering," when what he means is, "Nobody answered." The author does these things on purpose. He does it because he knows that's the way teen-age talk. He makes his book unique by using that teen lingo, too.

This guy, Salinger, must really know his beans about teen-agers. Some of the things that happen to Holden and the way he thinks would shock a lot of parents right out of their pants. It would answer a few of the questions that parents ask themselves about their own responsibilities, though. I don't know too many grown-ups who can honestly tell how teens think and feel. Or Salinger does a pretty good job on it, though.

This book really killed me. What I mean is that it is so funny that I cracked up from the first page to the last. There is hardly any book that can make me bust right out laughing the way this one does. One odd thing that caught my attention was that even though the story is funny, it is sort of pathetic, too. Holden is trying to find himself in an adult world and he has a darn rough time doing it. His parents surely don't help him any by giving him any too much loving. Old Phoebe is about the only one that understands and helps him. It wouldn't seem so pathetic maybe if the author didn't have this one big fault—he makes me feel like I am some big wise grown-up looking down at a young sixteen-year-old boy, being amused by the youth's troubles—just because almost every youth has similar problems. Since the author is telling the story through Holden, he shouldn't make Holden seem so young and unwise and all.

Even though I didn't like a few things in the book, I really enjoyed it. It held my interest because it told about a boy going through the same experiences that I am going through, and it was very refreshing because it was told by the boy in everyday, ordinary teen talk. It is very high class literature. I think I'll pick it up and read it all over again to get more of its meaning. You should do the same. You really should.

The Struggle for the Location of the University of Illinois

JOHN N. RUTGER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

THE NEED FOR A STATE UNIVERSITY IN ILLINOIS WAS recognized several years before one was established. During the mid-nineteenth century the main industry of Illinois was farming, often at a subsistence level. Many of the farmers realized that there was a need for research which could not be carried on by the individual farmers. With this thought in mind, the leading farmers and agriculturists of the state held a con-

tion at Granville on November 18, 1851, with Professor Jonathan Baldwin Turner as the guest speaker.¹ Professor Turner had been educated at Yale and had later moved to a farm in Morgan County, where he proceeded to carry on agricultural experiments. At the request of the members of the convention, Professor Turner later had several hundred copies of the speech which he gave at the convention printed in pamphlet form and distributed.

A second farmer's convention was held at Bloomington on June 27, 1860.² Among other things, a letter signed by the civic leaders of the town of Urbana was read to the members of the convention. This letter was the first inkling of the foresight of the Urbana citizens. According to the *Chicago Weekly Times*, the Urbana group proposed to donate for the purposes of a state agricultural college a building erected at a cost of \$100,000.³ They were thus seeking to get a state agricultural college that did not exist to occupy a seminary building that was not yet built. Indeed, the construction contract was not signed until several days after the letter was read to the convention.

The letter was not such a spur-of-the-moment thing as one might be led to believe. The man responsible for it was probably the Reverend Mr. Stoughton, a minister and promoter who first appeared in the Urbana-Champaign area during January of 1859. He circulated among the townspeople and suggested that they establish a college between the two towns, which were separated by one and a half miles of muddy fields. Three principal reasons were advanced for promoting the enterprise: "The interest in education, the hope of allaying the jealousy between the two cities, and the opportunity for personal gain through increased value of property."⁴ The citizens did not have any specific plan for establishing a school at this time, but they hoped the state might take over their hands at a later date. The proposed Urbana-Champaign Institute appealed to many of the residents "because it offered a means of stopping up the awful 'gap' between the towns."⁵

Mr. Stoughton pushed his idea through the proper channels, and on February 21, 1861, the State Legislature granted a charter for the incorporation of the Urbana-Champaign Institute. The contract for construction of the building had been signed on July 2, 1860, but the cornerstone was not laid until the month of August, 1861.⁶ Work on the building proceeded until August 31, 1861, at which time it was delayed for lack of funds.⁷ The Civil War was going on

¹ Mary Turner Carriel, *The Life of Jonathan Baldwin Turner* (Jacksonville, 1911), p. 96.

² Burt E. Powell, "The Movement for Industrial Education and the Establishment of the University, 1840-1870," *Semi-Centennial History of the University of Illinois* (Urbana, 1888), p. 199.

³ *Chicago Weekly Times*, June 27, 1860, as quoted by Powell, p. 199.

⁴ Powell, p. 201.

⁵ Powell, p. 198.

⁶ *Central Illinois Gazette*, July 31, 1861, as quoted by Powell, p. 202.

⁷ Powell, p. 203.

at this time, and people were hard pressed to meet financial obligations that had been incurred earlier.

Meanwhile, the need for higher education had been recognized nationally. On July 2, 1862, President Lincoln signed a bill "for the purpose of promoting 'the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life.'"⁸ The law, variously known as the Land Grant Act of 1862 or the Morrill Act, provided each state with 30,000 acres of land or the equivalent in "scrip," for each senator and representative the said state had in Congress. Illinois' share amounted to 480,000 acres. The act further specified that the schools receiving land-grant properties must "offer studies in agriculture, mechanic arts, and military training—'without excluding other scientific studies.'"⁹ In order to claim the benefits of the act, the respective state legislatures were required to accept the provisions of the congressional grant within two years and to provide for the establishment of at least one college within five years. During the following February, the Illinois Legislature passed a bill to accept the grant.¹⁰

In the autumn of 1864 a governor's commission visited Champaign. The purpose of the commission was to inspect the Urbana-Champaign Institute with the ultimate view of establishing a state college therein. A very favorable report for the selection of the Urbana-Champaign Institute was given, based perhaps, on the cordial manner in which they were received—there seems to have been nothing else to base it upon.¹¹

At their meeting of December 19, 1864, the Champaign County Board of Supervisors prepared for the forthcoming session of the legislature. They decided to accept the offer of Stoughton and Babcock to transfer the Urbana-Champaign Institute building (which lacked \$35,000-40,000 of being paid for) for \$24,000 if the state located the university in it; appropriated \$15,000 to buy a farm for the use of the university; appointed a five-man committee to confer with the Illinois Central Railroad Company to secure cooperation for location of the university; appointed a committee to attend the next session of the legislature for the purpose of promoting an act enabling the county to borrow money and issue bonds; and placed \$5,000 at the disposal of the legislative committee to be used in securing the university.¹²

In 1865 Senator Lindsay introduced a bill in the state legislature providing for the establishment of an industrial university. The Champaign group ob-

⁸ Edmund J. James, *The Origin of the Land-Grant Act of 1862* (Urbana-Champaign, 1910), p. 8.

⁹ *Illini Years*, based on the research of Carl Stephens, '12, University Historian (Urbana, 1950), p. 8.

¹⁰ *Journal of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-third General Assembly of the State of Illinois, 1863* (Springfield, 1865), p. 621.

¹¹ Powell, p. 205.

¹² Powell, p. 204.

ned a copy of the bill, struck out the eleventh section (which provided for committee to select the location of the university) and substituted a passage locating the proposed University between the towns of Urbana and Champaign . . . [in] a certain edifice [the Urbana-Champaign Institute building] and grounds there situated."¹³ Value of the property was listed as \$130,000. The building was not yet completed. The revised bill, which was introduced to the legislature, drew criticism from several communities throughout the state. The legislature then voted to allow competitive bids from the different counties. No other bids were imminent, and the whole affair was shelved for the remainder of the session.

Their determination undaunted, the Champaign group made more preparations in the fall of 1865. They wanted to have an undivided university located on their seminary building, but failure to get the entirety would have only intensified their determination to obtain at least a half or even a third. "There was a certain bull-dog tenacity of purpose in their efforts that boded ill for their opponents."¹⁴ Turner and the other leading agriculturists, some of whom had been pushing the educational movement since the Granville Convention of 1851, thought that their respective counties should have first chance at the university. In September of 1865, the Champaign County Board of Supervisors met again and agreed to purchase the "elephant" (as the building had come to be known by its enemies) and attached farm, on "the express condition that the said Industrial University be located in this county by the Legislature at the next session."¹⁵ In December another \$5,000 was appropriated and given to a three-man committee to use in securing the location of the college in Champaign County. This fund became known to Champaign County's opponents as the second "slush" fund.

The Illinois Legislature of 1866 decided not to divide the Industrial University fund among the existing colleges of the state. The decision was made contrary to the desires of a group of Illinois college presidents, who thought that the fund should be proportioned out to their respective colleges. In the meantime a new crisis had arisen. The five years allotted the states for acceptance of the land grants were nearly up, and Illinois still had not taken all the necessary steps. The problem was solved by an act of Congress, passed July 23, 1866, which extended the time of acceptance for five more years.¹⁶ The stage was now ready for the 1867 session of the legislature and the contest that ensued.

¹³ Taken from a committee report given at the Industrial University Convention, Bloomington, December 4, 1865, as quoted by Carriel, p. 180.

¹⁴ Powell, p. 211.

¹⁵ *Record of the Board of Supervisors*, September 13, 1865, III: 385, as quoted by Powell, pp. 213-4.

¹⁶ Carriel, p. 193.

Burt E. Powell gives us the following report relative to Champaign efforts:

The legislature opened the first Monday in January, 1867. The Champaign County committee, at Mr. Griggs' prompting, had prepared for the fight of the next three months by engaging the principal reception room of the Leland Hotel, with several suites of parlors and bedrooms on the second floor. The reception room, holding two hundred people, was used for general entertainment. A buffet service was installed, and arrangements were made for serving elaborate meals. Near Mr. Griggs' quarters were placed those of the Democratic and Republican state chairmen. At once lobbying was begun on a lavish scale. Members, whether Democrats or Republicans, hostile or friendly, were invited to the Leland for drinks, for light refreshments, or for huge oyster suppers or quail dinners. They were pressed to bring with them any of their constituents who happened to be in town, and to order for such guests as freely as for themselves. They were supplied with cigars, and groups of them were taken to the theater. During the week three or four of the Champaign county committee were always on the ground, and at week ends, when entertainment was at its height, eight or ten would come over. All bills were sent in to be paid from the \$40,000 fund subscribed or appropriated for the purpose. No other community had fitted up headquarters in this way, or made any preparations for the entertainment of members. The house was greatly impressed by the earnestness of Champaign county, and many a representative voted for the Champaign bill.¹⁷

Mr. Griggs' foresight was probably the factor which ultimately secured the location of the university at Urbana.

A joint committee of the legislature, which had been appointed to appraise the bids of the various communities, gave the following report to the general assembly on February 16, 1867:

The county of Champaign proposes to donate the Champaign and Urbana University, a new brick building, with stone foundation . . . having cost \$120,000. Said building is nearly ready for occupancy. We estimate its cash value at \$75,000. Also, 10 acres of land, in the center of which said University stands, being about equi-distant between and within one mile of the depot of the Illinois Central Railroad, in the city of Champaign, and the court house, in the city of Urbana. We estimate the cash value of said land at \$2,500. Also, 160½ acres of well cultivated farm land, within one-half mile of said University and adjoining the city of Champaign, through which runs a stream of ever-living water—the cash value of which land we estimate at \$20,000 . . . Also, 410 acres of like farm land, adjoining thereto, with orchard, farm-house and barn—the estimated cash value of which is \$30,000 . . . Also, 400 acres of like farm land, within about two miles from said University—the cash value of which is estimated at \$20,000 . . . The entire amount of land offered by Champaign county is 980 acres. Also \$2,000 worth of shade, ornamental and fruit trees . . . Also, \$100,000 in Champaign County 10 per cent 20 year bonds—the cash value of which is estimated at \$100,000. Also, \$50,000 in freight on the Illinois Central Railroad, for the said Industrial University—the estimated cash value of which is \$30,000.

¹⁷ Powell, pp. 242-3.

The total offers of Champaign county are estimated, in cash, at \$285,000.¹⁸ The committee then gave similar detailed reports on the bids of the other counties, which may be summed up as follows:

McLean County's bids totaled \$470,000 for a university to be established in Bloomington.

Logan County offered bonds and properties valued at \$385,000 for the establishment of the university in Lincoln.

Morgan County offered some \$315,000 in bonds and property plus the Illinois College valued at \$176,000, which was located in Jacksonville, for a total of \$491,000.

The Champaign group arose in arms after the presentation of the joint committee report to the general assembly. The Board of Supervisors issued a statement claiming that "Champaign County's bid, if valued as the joint committee valued McLean's bid, would have amounted to \$555,400, an excess of \$85,000 over Bloomington . . . also that a scarcity of water in and about Bloomington rendered it wholly impracticable as a site."¹⁹ Upon hearing of this, McLean County replied by issuing a circular which was distributed to the general assembly. The circular gave wholehearted support to the joint committee for estimating the bids at actual cash value and not on local assessments. The charge about the "scarcity of water in and about Bloomington" was denounced as entirely false.

By this time Champaign County's methods were regarded by her competitors as highly unfair. Her lobbying committee, her apparent influence over the Chicago and Springfield newspapers, and her exaggerated reports of the value of her bid made her a prime target for criticism from other communities and, surprisingly, from certain home-town interests. A circular was distributed in Springfield on February 6th, supposedly subscribed to by a group of Champaign residents. The circular, which was reprinted by the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, stated: "We believe that a good portion of the five thousand dollars appropriated [by the Champaign County Board of Supervisors] in December, 1866, has already been used to bribe the public press, and that almost the entire sum [\$15,000] is to be squandered corruptly, as the five thousand before."²⁰ There seems to have been some suspicion that this circular was published by one of the competitive communities.

On February 20, 1867, House Bill No. 70—"an act to provide for the organization, endowment and maintenance of the Illinois Industrial University"—was read to the lower chamber of the general assembly.²¹ Section eleven of the bill provided for the location of the university in Champaign County. After the reading, Mr. Eppler, of Jacksonville, moved for the adoption of an

¹⁸ *Reports made to the General Assembly of Illinois, 1867* (Springfield, 1867), I: 443-5.

¹⁹ *Turner Manuscripts, Springfield*, as quoted by Powell, p. 259.

²⁰ *Bloomington Pantagraph*, February 8, 1867, as quoted by Powell, p. 260.

²¹ *Journal of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-fifth General Assembly of the State of Illinois, 1867* (Springfield, 1867), II: 442.

amendment which would strike out section eleven and insert a passage locating the university at Jacksonville, in Morgan County. The amendment was defeated by a vote of 61 to 20. Mr. Green of Dewitt tried an amendment inserting McLean County's bid in place of Champaign's. This was defeated by a vote of 58 to 26. Mr. McGailliard moved that the university be located at Lincoln in Logan County, and was overruled 60 to 21. The bill with section eleven intact—locating the university in Urbana of Champaign County—was then passed by a vote of 67 to 10.

The bill was introduced to the Senate three days later. The ensuing course of events roughly paralleled those that had occurred in the House. Mr. Metcalf moved to locate the university in McLean County. The motion was defeated 13 to 12. A motion by Mr. McConnell to locate in Morgan County was defeated 17 to 8. Mr. McConnell then tried Lincoln, in Logan County, but this was also defeated. Mr. Fort proposed a bill naming an alternate location in case Champaign defaulted. This bill was defeated 13 to 12. Mr. Strain became rather sarcastic and suggested that the act should not be declared invalid merely because it ignored the superior bids of other counties. His suggestion was promptly tabled. The bill was read for a third time and passed 18 to 7.²² It was sent to the governor, who signed the bill on February 28. Champaign County thus became the site of the Illinois Industrial University, the name of which was changed to the University of Illinois in 1885.²³

After any struggle there are bound to be verbal repercussions, and this contest was no exception. An article which appeared in the *Jacksonville Journal* claimed that the Champaign "ring" used a "slush" fund of at least \$12,000 (actually it was nearly \$17,000, but the Jacksonville group did not know this) to influence the legislature, press correspondents, editors, and others. Referring to Champaign's dilemma when it became apparent the other counties had presented better offers, the *Journal* said: "Their advocate and champion in the House, S. A. Hurlburt, a South Carolinian by birth, and social sympathy and philosophy (to say nothing worse of him) . . . [came to the rescue and told] his friends that the bid of Champaign would be written above all others, let the joint committee appraise them as they would."²⁴ On another occasion Mr. Hurlburt said "that this whole scheme of educating the farmer was a d-----d humbug, and that he wanted to get it off down to Champaign where it would die as quickly as possible."²⁵ A few days later the *Chicago Times*

²² *Journal of the Senate of the Twenty-fifth General Assembly of the State of Illinois, 1867* (Springfield, 1867), p. 1052.

²³ *Illini Years*, p. 25.

²⁴ *Jacksonville Journal*, March 16 and 18, 1867, as quoted by Powell, pp. 496-8.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 498.

printed a "confession" by a supposed member of the Champaign "ring."²⁶ This was merely a colorful recital of the Champaign group's activities at the Leland Hotel in early 1867.

In 1915 Allan Nevins interviewed Clark Robinson Griggs, who had been the head of the Champaign delegation and also a representative during 1867, and obtained the following report relative to the selection of Urbana:

[Mr. Griggs wrangled his way into] . . . the chairmanship of the Committee on Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts and the privilege of naming a majority of its members—it being the body before which all bills for the location of the college would come.

As the session proceeded, the members for the other cities and especially for Jacksonville, began to complain because their bills were not reported out of committee. Repeatedly Mr. Eppler would rise and inquire the reason for the delay in the case of the Jacksonville bill; and as often Mr. Griggs would inform him that he had attempted to call his committee together and had failed to secure a quorum. He would publicly and ostentatiously summon the members of this committee and later whisper them not to appear. In this manner the bills were prevented from coming up until Mr. Griggs had marshalled his strength.²⁷

The selection of Urbana was by a legal vote in the general assembly, but the tactics employed by the Champaign County group were rather doubtfully honest. The Champaign group realized that the representatives were human, and evidently the other counties did not. With this thought in mind the Champaign group created their "slush" or "corruption" fund. The actual amount of the much-criticized fund was calculated by a thorough check of deeds, titles, bond issues, and other records to be \$16,789.²⁸ The presently thriving twin cities make this \$16,789 seem one of the wisest investments made since the white men purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24 worth of trinkets.

²⁶ *Chicago Times*, March 21, 1867, as quoted by Powell, 506-514.

²⁷ Taken from an interview of Allan Nevins with Clark Robinson Griggs in 1915, as quoted by Powell, pp. 519-21.

²⁸ Powell, p. 270.

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Rhet as Writ

Police can't stop drinking.

Great credit should be given to the early pioneer of the New World, for it was with the ingenuity of their minds that they populated the Western Hemisphere.

. . . the confession made by certain members of the White Sox team that they had accepted bribes from a gambling combine. . . .

She would rather make pie filling from a boxed product than one from a cook-book.

Her delicately tilted nose imparts a slight expression of expectoration as though waiting for a gentleman caller.

Every salesman should know how to dress and approach a customer.

Sarge is Regular Army right down to the spitshine on his shoes and his close-cropped haircut.

She has a medium-length haircut, which falls from her head in little blond wavelets.

In Chicago as in other cities of the United States, prostitution operates behind the closed eyes of the law according to the newspapers.

A party can be very dull if there is no one at the piano, nor a group in the coroner bellowing out familiar songs.

Arbor Suites is an experimental temporary housing accomodation for women (originally designed for married students).

Agnostic: a person who believes in God but not in his existence

Golf is a sport that can be enjoyed by any reasonably healthy person regardless of sex.

